

Blood Heritage

Ablaze My Sorrow

Blood is life, from an ancient spring it still runs pure
Blood is ages past, where gods of old gave us pride
Blood is fire, burning us with liquid red
Blood is death, taking us to our golden halls

Strength is ours
for the strong have the right to rule
Without fear we rule
for the weak and scared will always fall

We are the chosen
We come with tide
Pray to your false gods
for we will not heed

Our blood holds the rage of the northmen
Two centuries of fear from the seas
Behold the dragons of the north

Gods watches us
but interferes not us mortal men
Faith not needed
for the strength of your deeds will be judged

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